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WHITEFIELD'S TABERNACLE AND ALMS-HOUSES,  
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

(From a Print, date 1764.)

ALTHOUGH the present is not the first-built of the Chapels erected by the Calvinistic Dissenters, followers of the Rev. George Whitefield, it is the most important structure; it being sometimes called "the Dissenters' Cathedral;" and, (according to an active Correspondent,) it is the largest Dissenters' Chapel in England.\*

\* The Tabernacle, in Moorfields, was built in the year 1759, previously to which, in 1741, shortly after Whitefield's separation from Wesley, some Calvinistic Dissenters built for Whitefield, a large shed, near the Foundry, in Moorfields, upon a piece of ground which was lent for the purpose, till he should return from America. From the temporary nature of the structure, it was called a Tabernacle, in allusion to the movable place of worship of the Israelites during their journey in the wilderness; and the name became the designation of all the chapels of the Calvinistic Methodists. A Correspondent of Hone's Every-day Book tells us, that Whitefield's first pulpit here was a grocer's sugar hog-head—an eccentricity not at all improbable. In 1762, the wooden building was taken down, and a lease of the ground being obtained from the City of London, the present Chapel was built: it is a plain, double brick structure, eighty feet square, with a lantern roof, supported within by twelve columns: it will hold about 4,000 persons: adjoining are a

Mr. Southey has observed that "Whitefield had neither the ambition of founding a separate community, nor the talent for it; he would have contented himself with being the founder of the Orphan-house, at Savannah, and with the effect which he produced as a roving preacher; and Calvinistic Methodism might never have been embodied into a separate sect, if it had not found a patroness in Selina, Countess of Huntingdon."† The building of the above Chapel may be attributed to this new patronage, for the Countess enjoyed a liberal income. Upon Whitefield's return from America, in 1748, he was invited to her house at Chelsea as soon as he landed: and he preached there before parties of nobility. "Lord Chesterfield and Bolingbroke," says Southey, "were among his auditors at Chelsea: the Countess had done well in inviting those persons who stood most in need of repentance. The former

parsonage-house and alms-houses. Whitefield built two other chapels in England: one, at Bristol, in 1753, and one at Norwich, in 1755.

† Life of Wesley, vol. ii. p. 357.

complimented the preacher with his usual courtliness; the latter is said to have been much moved at the discourse; he invited Whitefield to visit him, and seems to have endeavoured to pass from infidelity to Calvinism, if he could. Lady Huntingdon, flattered, perhaps, by the applause which was bestowed upon the performance, appointed Whitefield her chaplain.\* A few years afterwards, he built this Chapel, which was thenceforth called "Whitefield's Tabernacle;" while the chapels built by the Countess were called "Lady Huntingdon's Chapels," and the persons who officiated were styled "Lady Huntingdon's Preachers." The Countess had accepted the honour of Lady Elect, put on her by Whitefield, who, however, maintained his own supremacy by coupling his name with the Chapels he built. The history of that in Tottenham Court Road, is briefly as follows:—

In the year 1755, a lease was granted to Whitefield, by Captain Charles Fitzroy, (of the family of Lord Southampton,) of a plot of ground near the Field of Forty Footsteps, and the Lavender Mills, Coyer's Garden, in the Tottenham Road, for the term of seventy-two years. Upon this spot, Whitefield commenced, in 1756, the erection of a Chapel, the design for which was furnished by himself. The first stone was laid May 10, 1756, and the building was completed in the same year. In 1758, twelve alms-houses and a parsonage-house were built in the burial-ground, on each side of the Chapel. In the following year, or in 1760, the Chapel was enlarged by adding an octangular front, which gave it the appearance of two chapels, and had so singular an appearance as to be sometimes called the oven part: whilst the Chapel itself was nicknamed "Whitefield's Soul's Trap." The Engraving shows the Chapel in the year 1764, soon after which the alms-houses were taken down, their inmates, twelve poor and pious widows having been provided for in the neighbourhood.

The above enlargement of the building is said to have been aided by the munificence of Queen Caroline, consort of George II., who, riding past the Chapel, and seeing a great number of persons unable to obtain admission, said it was a pity that so many good people should stand in the cold; her Majesty sent Whitefield a sum of money to enable him to enlarge the Chapel, which was done accordingly. From one of Whitefield's Letters, it appears to have been his wish to have this Chapel within the pale of the Church of England: he says, "having the form of prayer and liturgy of the Church, and being a spacious place, many thousands have attended this Chapel as they would the parish church." It is said to be the largest Chapel not immediately connected with the Esta-

blishment. Whitefield died in America, and in 1770, Mr. Wesley preached here his funeral sermon. In August, 1787, the Rev. Dr. Pickwell, rector of Bloxham-cum-Digby, Lincolnshire, preached his own funeral sermon in this Chapel; the occasion of which was, he had pricked his finger in opening the body of a person who had died of consumption, and the wound proved fatal by mortification in ten days afterwards.

Attached to the Chapel is an extensive burial ground, in forming which, the mould was brought from a churchyard in the City of London,† to save the consecration-fees. There are likewise spacious catacombs.

In the year 1828, the original lease granted to Whitefield expired; and the Chapel was closed until the year 1830, when the Trustees purchased it for 20,000*l*. It was then partly taken down and altered under the superintendence of Messrs. Martin Prior and Lockyer, architects, at a very considerable expense. The exterior is coated with stucco, and ornamented with Doric pilasters, and boldly projecting mouldings. The two entrances have circular tops: one in John-street, leads immediately beneath the dome, and the other, in Tottenham Court Road, leads to the vestibule, galleries, &c. The interior is in neat taste: the dimensions are, length, 126 feet; breadth, 76 feet; height to the crown of the dome, 112 feet; the latter is supported by twelve columns. The general form of the building is well adapted for hearing; the octagonal portion serving as a kind of funnel, or trumpet to the voice, so that it is heard in every part of the Chapel. It will accommodate from 7,000 to 8,000 persons, one-fourth of the seats being free.

The walls bear memorials of many eminent men; as of the Rev. A. M. Toplady, the zealous Calvinistic controversialist with John Wesley—the ever-memorable Toplady, as his admirers call him, and who, they say, "stands paramount in the plenitude of dignity above most of his contemporaries." Here also are monuments to Whitefield, the founder of the Chapel; and to John Bacon, the sculptor, who, with eccentric simplicity, wrote his own epitaph as follows:—

"What I was as an Artist  
seemed to me of some importance  
while I lived;  
but what I really was as a Believer,  
Is the only thing of importance to me now."

Public attention has lately been drawn to the affairs of Whitefield's Chapels, by the long-pending suit in the Court of Chancery, which was tried at the close of last year, and occupied the Court between three and four days: the parties are the incumbent of the two chapelries, the Rev. John Campbell, late

† St. Christopher le Stock, which was taken down to enlarge the Bank of England, in the year 1790.

\* Life of Wesley, vol. ii. p. 360.

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of the University of Glasgow; and the Trustees and the Congregation, who are striving for the ejection of the above minister.

### MUSINGS IN WALTON PARK, YORKSHIRE.

To our mind, Waterton's *Wanderings in South America*, is the most original and remarkable book on natural history that has ever been written. It is true that certain critics, with the ungentle nature of their craft, have endeavoured to cast a doubt over the authenticity of some of our enterprising traveller's adventures, and have even shaken their heads at the engraving of the "Nondescript" which he has given; but these idle assertions, to those who know any thing of his personal history, or who have even fairly studied his book itself, must be considered as trifles light as air, and wholly unworthy of an answer.

With the exception, perhaps, of Wilson and Audubon, Charles Waterton may be said to stand first amongst field-naturalists. His extraordinary perseverance, his enthusiastic love of nature, his singular power and beauty of description—all entitle him to this praise. Personal risk, extreme fatigue, or disadvantage of climate, are alike set at naught when he is in pursuit of some favorite object. He is a sort of classical backwoodsman, as much at home amid the untrodden wilds of Guiana, as he is amongst the silvan scenery of his own Walton. He spurns the meagre details of our book-naturalists; and marches into the woods, noting down the music and watching the haunts of their winged inhabitants with a kindly heart. He takes nothing on hearsay, but examines with his own eyes, and listens with his own ears: and he is equally happy whether in describing feathered life across the waters of the Atlantic, or in tracing the existence of our own harmless fern-owl or sociable jackdaw. He luxuriates too, in sketching "four-footed things" and reptiles—for who can have forgotten his matchless biography of the humble and calumniated sloth?

One fine morning in September, 1833, after surveying the aged and shattered remains of Sandal Castle, renowned in the Wars of the Roses, we determined on exploring the residence of this gifted man—Walton Hall—which is situated in the midst of an extensive park, about three miles to the south of Wakefield:—our interest was more than ordinarily awakened, for we had heard that it was worthy of him. After a short parley with a somewhat testy and infirm old gate-keeper, we were admitted within the lofty walls, which inclose—as it has been well designated by its proprietor—this "vale of safety." And now we sighed for the descriptive powers of the immortal George

Robins; for the scene which opened before us might certainly "claim approach" to the veritable "fairy Land." The singular beauty and seclusion of the spot, shut out as it is from the world

"and earth born jars,"

indeed, forcibly moved our attention. After leaving the entrance, we advanced along a gentle declivity through lofty forest-trees, and discovered the old Hall, situated below, near the edge of a lake, which gleamed in the morning sun like a sheet of molten silver. Swelling eminences, partly clothed with wood and brake, rose around in picturesque beauty on every side; and the Hall itself, which stands on the edge of a miniature islet, seemed almost to float on the surface of the waters.

On reaching the dwelling, which we approached by an "airy" bridge, we learned that the naturalist was from home. Had we not enjoyed the good fortune of meeting him more than once before, we should have felt the disappointment keenly. Every thing around us spoke of his pervading taste. The museum was extensive, and fully bore out all that we had heard relative to Mr. Waterton's unrivalled skill in stuffing or preserving subjects of natural history. In order to give full display to his collection, he has erected a staircase, which, from its ingenious construction, is extremely well adapted for that purpose. Amongst the most interesting objects, on the right in ascending, fixed over the balustrade, and protected by glass frames, are that puzzle for naturalists, the "non-descript," and the cayman, in the capture of which so remarkable an adventure befell Mr. Waterton. The life-like effect which is communicated to the zoological specimens, which are here congregated together, is really quite marvellous. Immediately opposite, winding round the walls to the summit of the house, is an excellent collection of cabinet pictures, principally by the old masters—thus, the wonders of nature and art are effectively contrasted.

We again wandered forth into the Park. The scene and the season disposed us alike to reflection. Whilst musing with indefinable feelings on the comforts of English country life, we fell into a reverie on the peculiar characteristics of English scenery, and on the indifference—nay, comparative ignorance—of no small portion of our countrymen, even in these *steaming* days, of the finest features of British landscape. It was, however, on the softer, perhaps, we should say, more homely, beauties of the English rural districts, that we then thought—not of nature in her sterner moods. In the peculiar character of its scenery, indeed, England may be said to stand alone. We are not acquainted with a single county which

the inquiring traveller can pass through, and cry, "tis all barren!"

"Corn-waving fields, and pastures green and slope  
And swell alternate, summits crowned with leaf,  
Grove-encircled mansions, the church, the farm, the mill,  
And tinkling rivulet—"

are to be met with even in the most uninteresting districts, which sometimes make up for their deficiency in the higher order of natural beauty by more striking events in their history, or by monastic or castellated structures of a more attractive character. The scene, which, in all the affluence of nature's beauty, spread around us, naturally fostered our John Bullism. We owned

"the power  
Of local sympathy, that o'er the fair  
Throws more divine allurements, and o'er all  
The great, more grandeur."

We trust we stand absolved. It was with a reluctant step that we turned to depart from Walton; and our emotions were not lessened on reflecting that it was, perhaps, the only spot in this island, which could literally be termed a "vale of safety" for animated nature. Here, the rook is suffered to multiply unmolested—the harmless hedgehog dwells in peace—the thrush and the blackbird pour forth their melody with a still more joyous heart—the robin flutters around its nest without a throb of fear—and the fern-owl and the goat-sucker have a secure asylum.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary, though it may not be uninteresting to add, that the character of him who is thus devoted to the study of the works of his Creator, is all that the reader may imagine. His fortune is ample; and, like the lamented Crabbe, he gives largely to the poor. So well known, indeed, is the goodness of his heart, that he seldom returns from a visit to Wakefield—to which he always prefers to walk—without finding his homeward path beset with applicants for his benevolence. Mr. Waterton is exceedingly popular in his native district; but he mixes little with the world, and rarely takes any part in local affairs. Last spring, however, during the popular excitement consequent on the introduction of the Irish Disturbances Bill, he attended a public meeting, at which he was unexpectedly called to take the chair for the first time in his life. His ignorance of the duties he had to perform was very characteristic; and he declared, that although his family had resided in the neighbourhood for many centuries, that was the only time a Waterton had ever occupied a similar position. Mr. Waterton is a member of the Roman Catholic Church: in person he seems admirably calculated for enduring the hardships and perils to be met with in traversing the unknown wilds of the New World.

VVVYAN.

## Antiquariana.

### PROFANATION OF THE SABBATH.

DURING the gloomy reign of triumphant fanaticism that distinguished the memorable period of the Civil Wars, the people were subjected to many restrictions, and severely mulcted for slight offences, particularly if committed on the Sabbath. Even "trimming of beards on the Lord's day," and "travelling" on Fast-days were forbidden, (as well as those real breaches of good manners, swearing and drunkenness,) as will be seen by the following entries, which appear in the books of St. Giles's parish.

1641. Received of the Vintner at the Catt  
in Queene Streets, for p'mitting of tipling  
on the Lord's day - - - - - 1 10 0
1644. Received of three poor men, for  
drinking on the Sabbath daie at Tottenham  
Court - - - - - 0 4 0
- Received of Mr. Richard Bigg, for a  
fault done by his servant John Roberts - 0 1 0
1645. Received of John Seagood, constable,  
which he had of a Frenchman, for  
swearing three oathes - - - - - 0 3 0
- Received of Mrs. Thunder, by the hands  
of Francis Potter, for her being drunk, and  
swearing seven oathes - - - - - 0 12 0
1646. Received of Mr. Hooker, for brew-  
ing on a Fast-day - - - - - 0 2 6
- Paid and given to Lyn and two watchmen,  
in consideration of their paines, and the  
breaking of ij halberts, in taking the two  
drunkards and swearers that paid\* - - 1 4 0
- Received of four men, travelling on the  
Fast-day - - - - - 0 1 0
- Received of Mr. Wetherill, headboro',  
which he had of one for an oath - - - 0 3 4
1648. Received from the City marshall,  
sent by the Lord Mayor, for one that was  
druke at the Forts† in our parish - - 0 5 0
- Received from Isabel Johnson, at the  
Cole-yard, for drinking on the Sabbath-day, 1652. Received of Mr. Huxley and Mr. Morris, who were riding out of town in sermon time on a Fast-day - - - - 0 11 0
1654. Received of William Glover, in  
Queene-street, and of Isaac Thomas, a barber, in Holborn, for trimming of beard on the Lord's day. [The sum is not stated.]
1655. Received of a Mayd taken in Mrs. Jackson's ale-house on the sabbath-Day - 0 5 0
- Received of a Scotchman, drinking at Robert Owen's on the Sabbath - - - 0 2 0
1656. Received of Henry Colewist, in Maslyn Fields, for breach of the Sabbath, 0 7 0
1658. Received of Joseph Piers, for refusing to open his doores to have his house searched on the Lord's daie - - - - 0 10 0
1659. An entry occurs of "one Brooke's goods sold for breach of the Sabbath," but the produce is not set down.‡

\* Watchmen continued to use the halbert, instead of the staff, so late as the 4th of Queen Anne, (anno 1706,) as appears from an order of Common Council of that year, which directs, "That a sufficient Watch shall be kept in the City and liberties, with men of strong and able bodies, provided with candles and lanthorns, and sufficiently armed with halberts."

† The Forts, most probably, was the redoubt with two flanks, which had been constructed near St. Giles's Pound, by order of Parliament, in 1643, when the whole of London was surrounded by earthen lines and fortifications.

‡ Brayley's Londiniana, vol. iii.

## WALTON CHURCH.

THE church of Walton-upon-Thames, built in the reign of King John, contains a few memorials and relics, which it may be interesting to enumerate for the stay-at-home reader and the observant tourist. First, is the Gossip's Bridle, already mentioned in vol. xxiii., by W. R., to whose ingenious hand we are indebted for these notes. Next, is the tomb of Lilly, the astrologer, with the following inscription:—

"That the tomb of that eminent astrologer, WILLIAM LILLY, might not be utterly forgotten, who died on the 9th June, in the Julian year of our Lord, 1681, ELIAS ASHMOLE, Esquire, dedicated to him this testimony of his affection. King Charles the Second granted to the above Wm. Lilly, a pension of one hundred pounds per annum during his life, which he enjoyed in Walton for several years."

In the church also is a splendid monument in memory of Lord Shannon, by Rembilla. Here likewise is buried John Selwen, obit 1617. He was keeper of Oatlands Park at the time Queen Elizabeth resided there: he met his death in a singular manner: while hunting one day, on a very swift horse, he started a stag, ran him down, and jumping on his back, drew his sword, and stuck him in the throat; the stag in agony, throwing his head back, struck Selwen on the head, and they both fell dead.

Another, by Gotte, of Rome, in memory of Mary, wife of Sir Thomas Williams.

Also, one by Chantry, in memory of Christopher D'Oyle; and one to the memory of Lord Rodney's family.

The king's arms were cut from a solid piece of oak, 300 years ago.

## DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT BOAT.

IN April, 1834, as some men were widening a ditch on a farm in the occupation of Mr. John Parlett, at North Stoke, (about three miles from Arundel,) belonging to the Earl of Egremont, they were prevented from proceeding with their labour by coming in contact with a large piece of wood, which they soon ascertained to be that of an ancient boat, hewn from an English oak of immense size. It was removed from its lodgment to a spot near the farm-house, a distance of 300 yards, drawn by nine horses. The dimensions of this rude piece of workmanship are as follows: extreme length, 35 feet; depth, 2 ft. 6 in.; extreme breadth, 4 ft. 6 in.; breadth at the bow, 2 ft. 8 in.; breadth at the stern, 3 ft. 6 in. There are three partitions which appear to have served the double purpose of seats and supports to the sides. Its resting place was six feet below the present level of the meadow, and a few yards from the river Arun. It is in good preservation, considering the time it must have been under ground. The ancient Britons, at a very early period of their history, used a sort of boat

called *cuch*, and *cuach*, and by the northern Britons *bior-linn*, made out of a single tree, like an Indian canoe. Some idea may be formed of the size of the tree from which this boat was hewn, from the fact that the "butt" must have contained upwards of seventeen loads of timber, or 900 cubic feet.

## LAMBETH PALACE.—ARCHBISHOP PARKER.

THE only account or appearance of interments in the Chapel of Lambeth Palace is that of Archbishop Parker. He died in 1575, aged 72, and desired by his will to lie here. Accordingly, at his death, his bowels were put into an urn, (a *pitcher* one writer terms it,) and deposited in the duke's chapel in Lambeth church. His body, by his request, was buried at the upper end of this chapel against the communion-table on the south side, under a monument of his own erecting, and placed by his direction against that part of the chapel where he used to pray; with a Latin inscription, composed by his old friend, Dr. Walter Haddon. The spot where this prelate's body now rests is marked by the following notice cut in a stone of the pavement immediately before the communion rails:

"Corpus  
Matthæi  
Archiepiscopi  
Tandem hic  
Qviescit.

The ancient monument which originally stood near this spot, is at present placed in a corner of the vestibule against the wall. It is a plain altar-tomb of grey marble, in the Gothic taste, and has, at one end, a small brass plate with a Latin inscription, written and placed there by Archbishop Sancroft, in whose time the body was discovered by the interference of Sir William Dugdale, and re-interred; for, in the troubles of the Civil Wars, Parker's remains had been shamefully disturbed. Lambeth House, or Palace, having fallen to the share of the regicides Scott and Hardynge, they pulled down the noble hall, the work of Chicheley, and sold the materials for their own profit; the chapel they turned into a dancing-room; and because the tomb of the venerable Archbishop Parker "stared them in the face and checked their mirth, it was broken to pieces, his bones dug up by Hardynge, to whose share this part of the palace fell; and opening the leaden coffin, and cutting away the cerecloths, of which there were many folds, the flesh seemed very fresh: the corpse thus stripped, was conveyed into the outhouse for poultry and dung, and buried among the offal; but, upon the restoration of King Charles, that wretch Hardynge was forced to discover where it was; whereupon the Archbishop had him honourably re-interred in the same chapel, near the steps of the altar."

\* Dart's Antiquities of Canterbury.



## Manners and Customs.

## MAY-DAY IN IRELAND

Is thus described in Mr. Croker's *Fairy Legends and Traditions*:—Mummers in Ireland, are clearly a family of the same race with those festive bands, termed morris-dancers in England. They appear at all seasons in Ireland, but May-day is their favourite and proper festival. They consist of a number, varying according to circumstances, of the girls or young men of the village or neighbourhood, usually selected for their good looks, or their proficiency—the females in the dance, the youths in hurling and other athletic exercises. They march in procession, two abreast, and in three divisions; the young men in the van and the rear, dressed in white or other gay-coloured jackets or vests, and decorated with ribbons on their hats and sleeves; the young women are dressed also in light-coloured garments, and two of them bear each a holly bush, in which are hung several new hurling balls—the May-day present of the girls to the youths of the village. The bush is decorated with a profusion of long ribbons, or paper cut in imitation, which adds greatly to the gay and joyous, yet strictly rural, appearance of the whole. The procession is always preceded by music; sometimes of the bagpipe, but more commonly of a military fife, with the addition of a drum or tambourine. A clown is in attendance, who wears a frightful mask, and bears a long pole, with shreds of cloth nailed to the end of it, like a mop, which ever and anon he dips in a pool of water, or puddle, and besprinkles such of the crowd as press upon his companions, much to the delight of the younger spectators, who greet his exploits with loud and repeated shouts of laughter. The mummers, during the day, parade the neighbouring villages, or go from one gentleman's seat to another, dancing before the mansion-house, and receiving money. The evening terminates with drinking. May-eve is considered a time of peculiar danger. The *good people* are supposed then to possess the power and the inclination to do all sorts of mischief without the slightest restraint. The *evil eye* is then also doomed to have more than its usual vigilance and malignity; and the nurse who would walk in the open air with a child in her arms would be reproached as a monster. Youth and loveliness are thought to be especially exposed to peril. It is therefore a natural consequence, that not one woman in a thousand appears abroad: but it must not be understood that the want of beauty affords any protection. The grizzled locks of age do not always save the cheek from a *blast*: neither is the brawny hand of the roughest ploughman exempt from a similar visitation.

The *blast* is a large round tumour, which is thought to rise suddenly upon the part affected, from the baneful breath cast on it by one of the *good people*, in a moment of vindictive or capricious malice. May-day is called *lu na Beal tina*, and May-eve, *neen na Beal tina*; that is, day and eve of Beal's fire, from its having been in heathen times consecrated to the god Beal, or Belus; whence also the month of May is termed in Irish, *Mi na Beal-tine*. The ceremony practised on May-eve, of making the cows leap over lighted straw, or faggots, has been generally traced to the worship of that deity. It is now vulgarly used in order to save the milk from being pilfered by the *good people*. Another custom prevalent on May-eve, is the painful and mischievous one of stinging with nettles. In the south of Ireland it is the common practice for school-boys, on that day, to consider themselves privileged to run wild about with a bunch of nettles, striking at the face and hands of their companions, or of such other persons as they think they may venture to assault with impunity.

W. G. C.

## MAY IN ITALY.

The following description of a custom in Italy, is from Misson's *Travels*.—The month of May is everywhere particularly remarkable for sports and festivals: but I never saw a more diverting object than troops of young girls, who regaled us with dances and songs; though, perhaps, the rarity of the sex might, in some measure, contribute to heighten the pleasure we took in seeing these merry creatures. Five or six of the prettiest and best attired girls of the village meet together, and go from house to house singing, and wishing everywhere a "merry May." All their songs consist of a great number of wishes, which are commonly very pleasant; for they wish you may at once enjoy all the pleasures of youth, and of the blooming season; that you may be still possessed with an equal love, morning and evening; that you may live a hundred and two years; that everything you eat may be turned to sugar and oil; that your cloths and lace may never wear old; that nature may smile eternally, and that the goodness of its fruits may surpass the beauty of its flowers, &c. And then come their spiritual wishes:—that the Lady of Loretto may pour down her favours upon you; that the soul of St. Anthony of Padua may be your guardian angel; and that St. Katharine of Sicenna may intercede for you.

W. G. C.

## TRINITY SUNDAY.

THE following description of a curious custom at Newton, North Wiltshire, which was instituted to perpetuate the memory of the donation, from King Athelstan, of a common

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and a house for the hayward, is given in *Curd's Miscellanies*:—"Upon every Trinity Sunday, the parishioners being come to the door of the hayward's house, the door was struck thrice, in honour of the Holy Trinity; they then entered. The bell was rung; after which, silence being ordered, they read their prayers aforesaid. Then was a ghirland of flowers made upon a hoop, brought forth by a maid of the town upon her neck; and a young man, (a bachelor,) of another parish, first saluted her three times, in honour of the Trinity, in respect of God the Father. Then she put the ghirland upon his neck, and kissed him three times, in honour of the Trinity, particularly God the Son. Then he put the ghirland on her neck again, and kissed her three times, in respect of the Holy Trinity, and particularly the Holy Ghost. Then he took the ghirland from her neck, and, by the custom, gave her a penny at least. The method of giving this ghirland was from house to house annually, till it came round. In the evening every commoner sent his supper up to this house, which was called the Kale-house; and having before laid in there equally a stock of malt, which was brewed in the house, they supped together; and what was left was given to the poor."

W. G. C.

### New Books.

#### A VISIT TO ICELAND, IN THE SUMMER OF 1834.

By John Barrow, jun.

[THIS pleasant little volume contains the Narrative of an Excursion to Iceland, by way of Tronjem, during last summer. Mr. Barrow sailed in a private yacht; for, he found little chance of visiting Iceland by any other conveyance. When at Tronjem, the capital of Norway, in the preceding year, he found that little or no communication had been held direct with Iceland, since the separation of Norway from the crown of Denmark. In the spring of the following year, he ascertained that although a casual ship might proceed to Iceland from Liverpool or Hull with salt and a few articles of colonial produce, yet nothing like a regular trade existed with that island; indeed, as Mr. Barrow subsequently found, not an English vessel in the course of the summer had proceeded thither, and only one Danish vessel took in a cargo of salt from Liverpool, which vessel was wrecked. In the mean time, however, a friend offered Mr. Barrow a passage in a beautiful yacht called "the Flower of Yarrow," belonging to the Royal Yacht Club, of which he is a member. The party assembled at Liverpool, and consisted of the proprietor of the yacht, the Hon. R. H. Hutchinson, and Mr. Barrow. The crew was composed of the master, an expert

seaman, a mate who was engaged at Liverpool, and, being a good observer, and well skilled in navigation, he had the charge of the chronometer. There were, besides these, eight seamen, a steward, and a cook. The yacht was 130 tons burden, schooner-rigged, and well fitted in all respects. They were all elated with the prospect before them—Mr. Barrow's two companions with the anticipated pleasures of shooting and angling, and Mr. Barrow with climbing Hecla, and other volcanic mountains, and dipping his thermometer in the water of the boiling cauldrons; and above all, with a visit to the Geysers, and the gratification of seeing them play in full activity; "which alone is, at any time, worth a voyage of a thousand miles in the Northern Atlantic."

They got under weigh on Sunday, June 15, and were very soon out of sight of Liverpool. The weather was fine, and the wind fair, which enabled them to pass the Isle of Man the same evening; but on the following day the wind had shifted to the northward, and blew very fresh. They had now arrived at the Western Islands, and finding they could make but little progress, they tacked and stood over for the island of Rachlin, at a short distance from the north coast of Ireland, under the lee of which they came to anchor; not a little glad to find themselves in so sheltered a spot, as it continued to blow a gale of wind all that night, and next day. Mr. Barrow observes: ]

#### The Island of Rachlin

Presents a very barren aspect, the rock being, to all appearance, tabular basalt, or trap, exhibiting, however, on the side next to the anchorage, some faint indications of broken pillars, but wholly unlike to those columnar clusters which rise so conspicuously in regular order, to the height of 250 feet on the Fairhead promontory, directly opposite to us; or to the more remarkable, but less prominent, pavement of columns, to the westward of Fairhead, which, descending with a slope into the sea, are well known under the name of the Giant's Causeway. This causeway, as ancient tradition tells, and the credulous still believe, continues under the deep water to the island of Staffa, the palace of Fingal, or, as Sir Joseph Banks heard it named there, Fiuhn Mac Coul. On a clear serene day, when the sea is smooth and the sky blue, the fishermen tell you that the columnar causeway is distinctly visible at the bottom of the sea.

[None of the party went on shore at Rachlin; but they took in a sheep from the inhabitants. On the 18th they got once more under weigh, and, with the help of a fresh breeze, they ran, before it was dark, into the Channel between the isles of Sky on the right, and Lewis on the left. The badness

of the weather made it impossible for them to visit the westernmost of the Western Islands, St. Kilda, though Mr. Barrow much wished to do so—not for witnessing the filthy and nauseous hovels of the nineteen or twenty poor families that exist there chiefly on fish and sea-fowls' eggs, nor to take a view of the only dwelling with a lock to the door; for, Mr. Barrow's curiosity extended no further than to examine the rock formation of the island, and to pay a visit to the spot where the *Lady Grange*, after being secretly snatched from her home, was confined nearly twenty years.\* They now had a]

#### *Narrow Escape.*

While we were running for the channel of the Lewis Islands, we were not a little startled on hearing the captain call out hastily *hard-a-port*, words which, when suddenly vociferated, are generally of alarming import, implying something of danger to be avoided, at least they sound so to a landsman. We all seemed to think so, for in a moment we were upon deck, and found ourselves close upon a sunken vessel. The broken masts were just rising out of the surface of the water, and there appeared to be a large body beneath; but whether it was merely the rigging and sails attached to the masts, or the hull of a vessel water-logged, we were unable to discern: I think, however, from the position of the masts, that the latter must have been the case. Running, as we then were, with a strong wind, at the rate of nine or ten knots an hour, we must inevitably have made a hole in the bottom of the yacht had we struck upon the wreck; and it was only by a sharp look-out and a quick shifting of the helm that we avoided doing so, by shaving close past her.

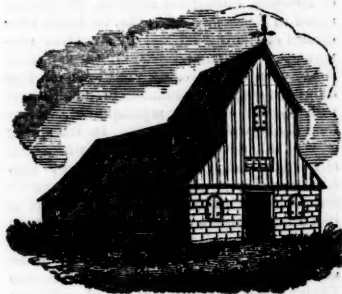
We shortly afterwards fell in with two whales, or, more properly speaking, finners,

\* The story has been told by Boswell, and, of course, need not be repeated here. Walter Scott has given it with more precision than Boswell. "The story of *Lady Grange*," he says, "is well known; I have seen her journal. She had become privy to some of the Jacobite intrigues in which her husband, Lord Grange (brother of the Earl of Mar, and a Lord of Session), and his family were engaged. Being on indifferent terms with her husband, she is said to have thrown out hints that she knew as much as would cost him his life. The judge probably thought with Mr. Peachum, that it is rather an awkward state of domestic affairs when the wife has it in her power to hang her husband. *Lady Grange* was the more to be dreaded, as she came from a vindictive race, being the grand-child of that Chiesley of Dalry who assassinated Sir George Lockhart, the Lord President. Many persons of importance in the Highlands were concerned in removing her testimony. The notorious Lovat, with a party of his men, were the direct agents in carrying her off; and St. Kilda, belonging then to Macleod, was selected as the place of confinement." When Boswell told the story, Dr. Johnson said, if Macleod would let it be known that he had such a place for naughty ladies, he might make it a very profitable island.

• Croker's *Boswell's Life of Johnson*.

which I was a little surprised to see so far to the southward; but it is not unusual, I am told, to meet with a straggler now and then even in the English Channel. As this was the first time I had set eyes on these gigantic monsters of the ocean, I amused myself in watching their movements, as well as in observing their snorting and blowing, accompanied by jets of water spouted up to a considerable height.

[But, we have not space to follow the "*Flower of Varrow*" along the coast of Norway, nor to chronicle her arrival at Tronjem, Mr. Barrow's journey in a carriole to Róras, and his visit to the Laplanders. We shall rather proceed with him on his voyage, and anchor opposite Reikiavik, the capital of Iceland, or, as it appeared from sea, a long row of red and brown roofed houses rising from behind a beach of black shingle; the latter testifying the volcanic origin of the island. Upon landing, this row of houses proved to be one side of a street, in which is the residence of the treasurer, and a tavern, or club-house. The houses on the sea line are generally those of the merchants, who are chiefly Danes: they are built, as in Norway, of wood, and covered with shingles or planks, and to each is attached a storehouse for merchandise. The only stone-built house is that of the governor, and this building was formerly the workhouse—not for the maintenance of the indigent poor, but made use of rather as the house of correction. The bishop's residence, a very comfortable brick-built house, white-washed, is near to the coast. Apart, behind the sea line of houses stands the Cathedral, here represented.]



(Reikiavik Cathedral.)

[It is built of stone, and is roofed with heavy planks; the steeple is a square tower of wood, roofed, and contains a couple of bells. Under the roof of the church is the public library, said to contain about 6,000 volumes, to which the inhabitants have free access, being allowed, under certain restrictions, to have books at their own houses;

and Mr. Barrow's journey to the southward. The book is a collection of the most interesting facts and anecdotes of the country, and is a valuable addition to the knowledge of the island. It is a book of great interest, and is a valuable addition to the knowledge of the island. It is a book of great interest, and is a valuable addition to the knowledge of the island.

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• Croker's *Boswell's Life of Johnson*.



and Mr. Barrow was assured that the residents were generally very fond of reading.\* The books are mostly of general and ecclesiastical history in German, Swedish, Danish, and Norwegian; a few English books, generally the writings of our best poets; and a collection of the Greek and Latin classics; besides theological MSS., the production of the clergy of the island. "The Icelanders," adds Mr. Barrow, "were once deservedly famed for their literary productions; and it is pleasing to find that they still keep alive the spirit of research and that literary pursuit for which their ancestors were distinguished."

It deserves notice, that, to each of the merchants' houses, and to those of the governor, the bishop, and the treasurer, is attached a garden, mostly, if not entirely, for culinary vegetables, as cabbages, turnips, parsley, and potatoes; but they were stunted and sickly. Radishes, mustard, and cress, were looking pretty well in the garden of the governor, who bestowed great care and labour on his little piece of ground; and he took much pride in showing Mr. Barrow three or four plants of the mountain ash, about four feet high, which were the largest, and, in fact, the only plants that deserved the name of trees, within many miles around Reikiavik. This unfavourable growth is singular; for, at the period of Mr. Barrow's visit, in August, the thermometer fluctuated, in the daytime, from 49° to 63°, and nothing like frost occurred during short nights. Yet, cabbages at Reikiavik were so small, that a half-crown piece would have covered the whole plant; and Mr. Barrow did not see a cabbage-head in his future journey.

Mr. Barrow found the governor to be the self-same Krieger with whom his brother and he had travelled among the mountains of Switzerland—"still the self-same pleasant, jocular, and good-humoured man that they found him six years ago." Our traveller next visited the bishop, a well-educated gentlemanly person: though the visit was but an hour before dinner-time, the bishop ordered wine and coffee to be served, as is always done, whatever may be the hour of the visit.

Mr. Barrow describes and figures one of the Reikiavik fishermen's huts, which we subjoin. The exterior is similar to the hovel of the Irish, who are said to have been the first people who visited Iceland, having, as it is supposed, been accidentally driven upon its shores. But, Mr. Barrow thinks this hut rather resembles the hovel of the Hebrides. The lower part is built of rude stones, rows of turf being placed between each layer, to



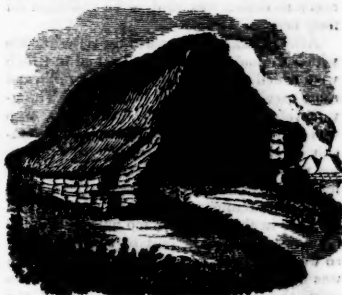
(Icelandic Hut.)

serve instead of mortar, and, in fact, to keep out the wind. A wooden roof rests upon these walls, and is covered with turf. There are no windows,—

Save one dull pane that, coarsely patch'd, gives way  
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day;—

and not always this; a cask, with the two ends knocked out, answers for a chimney; but the smoke oftener escapes through a hole in the roof. The only fire is that of the kitchen, a small apartment, which is frequently detached from the house, but communicates by a dark passage. Mr. Barrow describes the interior of one of these huts as a narrow passage with a clay floor, with a shelf about four feet from the ground, on each side. On one of these shelves was spread out a bed, and on the opposite one were articles of clothing. On the ground beneath these shelves were piled dried fish, and "odds and ends."

On August 1, Mr. Barrow and his friends, with twenty-six pack-horses, (twelve as relays,) started on their journey to the Geysers; this mode of travelling and packing the horses being universal throughout the island; for, there is not in all Iceland such a machine as a wheel-carriage, no, not a wheelbarrow; indeed, if there were, they would be useless, as there is nothing in the shape of a road over which they could move. The details of



(Church of Thingvall.)

\* We are strangely behind the Icelanders in our means for the spread of knowledge. Many years since, a friend circulated proposals through England for establishing parochial lending libraries, similar to that at Reikiavik; but we are not aware of the establishment of any considerable number.—Ed. M.

this journey are very interesting, especially the sojourn of the party at Thingvalla. Here they obtained permission of the priest to occupy the church for the night. Accordingly, the horses were unpacked and turned out loose, and the saddles and boxes were stacked in the aisle of the church, which Mr. Barrow thus describes.]

#### *Church of Thingvalla.*

As this building, consecrated to religious purposes, was altogether different from any I had before seen, curiosity led me to take its dimensions: the extreme length was twenty-three feet, but of this eight feet were devoted to the altar, which was divided off by a partition stretching across the church, and against which was placed the pulpit. Over the pulpit were the following Latin inscriptions,—

"Scio opera tua."

"Habenti dabitur."

A small wooden chest or cupboard, placed between two very small, square windows at the end of the building, not larger than a common-sized pane of glass, constituted the communion-table, over which was a miserable representation of the Lord's Supper, painted on wood, and apparently of great antiquity. The width of the church was ten feet, and the height of the walls about six feet. These were wainscoted, and from them large wooden beams stretched across from side to side. On these beams were placed in great disorder a quantity of old bibles, psalters, and fragments of dusty manuscripts. The interior of the roof, the rafters of which rested on the walls, was also lined with wood. On the right of the door as we entered, and under which we were obliged to stoop considerably, we remarked two or three bells suspended from the beams within reach. Four or five benches with backs to them, so crowded together as almost to touch one another, were placed on each side the aisle, a narrow passage being left between them. There were also some benches placed against the wainscoted walls, round that part which formed the altar. The accommodation was said to be sufficient for forty people.

After partaking of some of the refreshments which we had brought with us, and to which were added some good coffee, some milk, and some excellent trout from the lake of Thingvalla-vatn, supplied by the clergyman, who was unremitting in his attention, and repeatedly entered the church to offer his services, we now began to consider how we could make ourselves as little uncomfortable for the night as circumstances would admit. The benches in the aisle were too narrow to make them available for the purpose of sleeping on, so were the benches round the altar. There was no other place then but the floor; as soon, therefore, as we had despatched our

supper, and wrapped ourselves up in our cloaks and coats, we lay down and endeavoured to sleep, two on each side of the communion table, or large chest that served for one. This substitute was raised on a sort of platform, and between it and some benches, which were placed against the sides of the wall, we were obliged to squeeze in as well as we could, and very close stowage it was.

[On leaving the good pastor next morning, the tourists pressed him to take some grog, which he declined; but he readily drank a glass of brandy. The general habits of the people are temperate; for, Mr. Barrow ascertained that the whole quantity of spirits consumed on the island amounts only to two bottles per annum to each individual of the population; and of this allowance, judging from the very limited incomes and the general poverty of some 300 clergymen on the island, 200 of them know not spirituous liquors.]

The name of Thingvalla implies a court of justice in the open field. The Althing, or general assembly of the nation, was held here in the open air; here too was held the supreme court of justice, and this continued to be so till the year 1690, when a plain rustic building of lava was erected, and justice therein administered till about the commencement of the present century, when the court was removed to Reikiavik. On this memorable spot, too, the Christian religion received its final establishment, and the ancient paganism was abolished, more than 800 years ago. It is now a place of desolation, and the country around it presents a wild picture of physical disorder and confusion.

[The account of Hecla and the Geysers has been drawn up with considerable care, and clearly illustrated with engravings; but little is added to the conjectures in solution of the phenomena of the spot. Mr. Barrow brought home a small bottle of the Geyser water, which Mr. Faraday has analyzed.]

In their return to Reikiavik, the tourists slept in the church of Middalr the priest of which could only offer them hard, heavy, and black rye bread and milk; his living being worth but 26 rix-dollars, or 4*l.* a-year.

Of the only collegiate school in the island, at Bessestad, Mr. Barrow gives a minute account, together with the studious habits of the clergy, an example of which, in Jonas Thorlakson, who has translated Milton's *Paradise Lost* into his native tongue, is, as Mr. Barrow observes, "an illustration of what has been said respecting the triumph of literary pursuits over pinching penury." At Bessestad, Mr. Barrow received gratifying testimony of the literary taste of the Icelanders:—]

Our informant told us that all classes of the people are fond of reading; that in their close pent-up hovels, in the long winter evenings, the young people read or repeat to the

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assembled family the history of by-gone days, the exploits of their ancestors as set forth in the Sagas, and the early adventures and romantic histories of the first settlers on the island. In later times they are in no want of modern books in their native language. The enlightened clergy, at an early period after the Reformation, established a printing-press in Iceland, which is still actively employed on the small island of Vidoe opposite Reikiavik, and where bibles and psalters, and various religious books are printed, together with selections in general history, and various tracts of useful information. Such a people are not difficult to govern; and as they have little or no intercourse with foreigners, except the few Danish merchants who reside at the ports, and no itinerant preachers of infidelity or sedition to unsettle their minds, there is little chance of any change for the worse, either in their moral or political character.

[Our tourists next, on August 14, visited the coast of Stappen; but stormy weather prevented their landing, and they were, consequently, compelled to be content with a distant view of the Snæfell Yokul, upwards of 4,500 feet high. During their stay at Reikiavik, Mr. Barrow collected a valuable chapter of statistics, by request of one of the members of the Statistical Society lately formed in London.

Upon their return to Reikiavik, the leave-taking was a painful ceremony; as Mr. Barrow asserts that he never met with a more hearty and friendly welcome than at the above place. His friend, the governor, begged his acceptance of this



(Icelandic Snuff-box.)

as a proof of his esteem. Such snuff-boxes are in common use among the gentry: they resemble somewhat the mull, or sneezing-horn of the Scotch, but are made of ivory, mostly of the morse or sea-horse teeth, and are neatly mounted in silver.

The voyagers set sail homeward on August 20, and anchored in the channel, at the back of a small island called Ghia, where Mr. Barrow left his friends and the "Flower of Yarrow." Thence he journeyed, on horse-back, to East Tarbut, and, next morning, preceded by the steam-boat through the Klyes of Bute, up the Clyde to Glasgow,

where he took the mail, and thus reached London on the evening of August 30, after an absence of eleven weeks.]

#### THE SOMNAMBULIST.

(From Wordsworth's "Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems.")

List, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower,\*  
Atee, how softly then  
Doth Airs-force, that torrent hoarse,  
Speak from the woody glen!  
Fit music for a solemn vale!  
And holier seems the ground  
To him who catches on the gale  
The spirit of a mournful tale,  
Embodied in the sound.

Not far from that fair site whereon  
The pleasure-house is reared,  
As story says, in antique days,  
A stern-brow'd house appeared;  
Foil to a jewel rich in light,  
There set and guarded well,  
Cage for a bird of plumage bright,  
Sweet-voiced, nor wishing for a flight  
Beyond her native dell.

To win this bright bird from her cage,  
To make this gem their own,  
Came barons bold with store of gold,  
And knights of high renown;  
But one she prized, and only one,—  
Sir Eglamore was he:  
Full happy season, when was known,  
Ye dukes and hills! to you alone,  
Their mutual loyalty!

Known chiefly, Airs! to thy glen,  
Thy brook, and bowers of holly;  
Where Passion caught what Nature taught  
That all but Love is folly;  
Where Fict with Fancy stooped to play,  
Doubt came not nor regret;  
To trouble hours that winged their way  
As if through an immortal day  
Whose sun could never set.

But in old times, Love dwelt not long  
Sequestered with repose;  
Best thro' the fire of chaste desire,  
Fanned by the breath of foes,  
"A conquering lance is beauty's test,  
And proves the lover true;"  
So spake Sir Eglamore, and pressed  
The drooping Emma to his breast,  
And looked a blind adieu.

They parted.—Well with him it fared  
Through wide-spread regions errant;  
A knight of proof in love's behoof,  
The thirst of fame his warrant:  
And she her happiness can build  
On woman's quiet hours;  
Though faint, compared with spear and shield,  
The solace bends and masses yield,  
And needlework and flowers.

Yet blest was Emma when she heard  
Her Champion's praise recounted;  
Though brain would swim, and eyes grow dim,  
And high her blushes mounted;  
Or when a bold, heroic lay  
She warbled from full heart:  
Delightful blossoms for the May  
Of absence! but they will not stay,  
Born only to depart.

Hope wanes with her, while lustre fills  
Whatever path he chooses;  
As if his orb, that owns no curb,  
Received the light hers loses.

\* A pleasure-house built by the late Duke of Norfolk upon the banks of Ullswater. *Force* is the word used in the Lake District for Water-fall.

He comes not back; an ampler space  
Requires for nobler deeds;  
He ranges on from place to place,  
Till of his doings is no trace  
But what her fancy breeds:

His fame may spread, but in the past,  
Her spirit fluds its centre;  
Clear sight she has of what he was,  
And that would now content her.  
"Still is he my devoted knight?"  
The tear in answer flows;  
Month falls on month with heavier weight;  
Day sickens round her, and the night  
Is empty of repose.

In sleep she sometimes walked abroad,  
Deep sighs with quick words blending,  
Like that pale Queen whose hands are seen  
With fancied spots contending;  
But *she* is innocent of blood,—  
The moon is not more pure  
That shines aloft, while through the wood  
She thrids her way, the sounding flood  
Her melancholy lure!

While 'mid the fern-brake sleeps the doe,  
And owls alone are waking,  
In white arrayed, glides on the maid,  
The downward pathway taking,  
That leads her to the torrent's side,  
And to a holly bower;  
By whom on this still night desiered?  
By whom in that lone place espied?  
By thee, Sir Eglamore!

A wandering ghost, so thinks the knight,  
His coming step has thwarted,  
Beneath the boughs that heard their vows,  
Within whose shade they parted.  
Hush, hush, the busy sleeper see!  
Perplexed her fingers seem,  
As if they from the holly tree  
Green twigs would pluck, as rapidly  
Flung from her to the stream.

What means the spectre? Why intent  
To violate the tree,  
Thought Eglamore, by which I swore  
Unfading constancy?  
Here am I, and to-morrow's sun  
To her I left, shall prove  
That bliss is ne'er so surely won  
As when a circuit has been run  
Of valour, truth, and love.

So from the spot whereon he stood,  
He moved with stealthy pace;  
And, drawing nigh, with his living eye,  
He recognised the face;  
And whispers caught, and speeches small,  
Some to the green-leaved tree,  
Some muttered to the torrent-fall,—  
"Roar on, and bring him with thy call;  
"I heard, and so may he!"

Soul-shattered was the knight, nor knew  
If Emma's ghost it were,  
Or boding shade, or if the maid  
Her very self stood there.  
He touched—what followed who shall tell?  
The soft touch snapped the thread  
Of slumber—shrieking back she fell,  
And the stream whirled her down the dell  
Along its foaming bed.

In plunged the knight! when on firm ground  
The rescued maiden lay,  
Her eyes grew bright with blissful light,  
Confusion passed away;  
She heard, ere to the throne of grace  
Her faithful spirit flew,  
His voice, beheld his speaking face,  
And dying, from his own embrace,  
She felt that he was true.

So was he reconciled to life:  
Brief words may speak the rest;  
Within the dell he built a cell,  
And there was *Sorrow's* guest:  
In hermit's weeds repose he found,  
From vain temptations free;  
Beside the torrent dwelling—bound  
By one deep, heart-controlling sound,  
And awed to piety.  
Wild stream of *Alra*, hold thy course,  
Nor fear memorial lays,  
Where clouds that spread in solemn shade,  
Are edged with golden rays!  
Dear art thou to the light of heaven,  
Though minister of sorrow,  
Sweet is thy voice at pensive Even;  
And thou, in *Lovers'* hearts forgiven,  
Shall take thy place with *Yarrow*!

#### JOURNAL BY FRANCES ANNE BUTLER.

[At last, we have the *Journal* of the late Miss Fanny Kemble. Its publication has been long promised, but had it been delayed, *sine die*, the admirers of the excellence of Miss Kemble would have been spared much pain in witnessing the extravagance of Mrs. Butler. Youth and inexperience, a brain somewhat turned, and a head somewhat too elated by public applause, must, however, plead for many of the errors in this work—misgivings of the head, we are willing to believe them, rather than errors of the heart. Almost every page in this *Journal* will draw about the writer the English horns of criticism, who may prove more lasting annoyance than even American mosquitoes. Her denunciation of *editors* will be the warwhoop of attack and abuse of these volumes; and the writer will be unsparingly reproached with ingratitude to that power which started her in the chase of fame, and set her upon the pinnacle of popularity. There may be some fairness in this reproach; though the favour of the press towards Miss Kemble may not have been so influential on her fortune as the bestowers are now inclined to rate it, especially if Mr. Hazlitt's doctrine hold good—that "an actor is judged by his peers, the play-going public, and must stand or fall by his own merits or defects." Again, if such favour were to fetter the receiver in her opinions of society, and this was the only condition upon which it was to be obtained, it would be a dear purchase indeed, and a bargain to which a woman of Miss Kemble's spirit and foresight will never be a party; for, this would be hoodwinking truth, and buying a youth of fame for an after age of insincerity. But we leave these matters to be settled among the magnates aggrieved, and, rather than criticize, proceed to extenuate, by the quotation of some amusing passages; for, with all its faults, the book is very clever and entertaining.]

#### American Hotel Dinner.

Our dinner was a favourable specimen of eating as practised in this new world; everything good, only in too great a profusion, the

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wine drinkable, and the fruit beautiful to look at: in point of flavour it was infinitely inferior to English hothouse fruit, or even fine espalier fruit raised in a good aspect. Everything was wrapped in ice, which is a most luxurious necessary in this hot climate; but the things were put on the table in a slovenly, outlandish fashion; fish, soup, and meat at once, and puddings, and tarts, and cheese at another once; no finger-glasses, and a patched table-cloth,—in short, a want of that style and neatness which is found in every hotel in England. The waiters, too, reminded us of the half-savage Highland lads that used to torment us under that denomination in Glasgow—only that they were wild Irish instead of wild Scotch. The day had cleared, and become intensely hot, towards evening softening and cooling under the serene influences of the loveliest moon imaginable. The streets were brilliantly lighted, the shops through the trees, and the people parading between them, reminded me very much of the Boulevards. We left the gentlemen, and went down stairs, where I played and sang for three hours. On opening the door, I found a junta of men sitting on the hall floor, round it, and smoking. Came up for coffee; most of the gentlemen were rather elated,—we sang, and danced, and talked, and seemed exceeding loath to say good-by. I sat listening to the dear Doctor's theory of the nature of the soul, which savoured infinitely more of the spirituality of the bottle than of immaterial existences. I heard him descant very tipsily upon the vital principle, until my fatigue getting fairly the better of my affection for him, I bade our remaining guests good night, and came to bed.

#### *Broadway, New York.*

My father proposed to us a walk, and we accordingly sallied forth. We walked to the end of the Broadway, a distance of two miles, I should think, and then back again. The evening was most lovely. The moon was lighting the whole upper sky, but every now and then, as we crossed the streets that led to the river, we caught glimpses of the water, and woody banks, and the sky that hung over them; which all were of that deep orange tint, that I never saw, but in Claude's pictures. After walking nearly a mile up Broadway, we came to Canal-street: it is broader and finer than any I have yet seen in New York; and at one end of it, a Christian church, copied from some Pagan temple or other, looked exceedingly well, in the full flood of silver light that streamed from heaven. There were many temptations to look around, but the flags were so horribly broken and out of order, that to do so was to run the risk of breaking one's neck:—this is very bad.\* The street was very much

thronged, and I thought the crowd a more civil and orderly one than an English crowd. The men did not jostle or push one another, or tread upon one's feet, or kick down one's shoe-heels, or crush one's bonnet into one's face, or turn it round upon one's head, all which I have seen done in London streets. There is this to be said: this crowd was abroad merely for pleasure, sauntering along, which is a thing never seen in London; the proportion of idle loungers who frequent the streets there being very inconsiderable, when compared with the number of people going on business through the town. I observed that the young men to-night invariably made room for women to pass, and many of them, as they drew near us, took the cigar from their mouth, which I thought especially courteous.† They were all smoking, to a man, except those who were spitting, which helped to remind me of Paris, to which the whole place bore a slight resemblance. The shops appear to me to make no show whatever, and will not bear a comparison with the brilliant display of the Parisian streets, or the rich magnificence of our own, in that respect. The women dress very much, and very much like French women gone mad; they all of them seem to me to walk horribly ill, as if they wore tight shoes.

#### *The Best Society in New York.*

At five dressed, and went to the —, where we were to dine. This is one of the first houses here, so I conclude that I am to consider what I see as a tolerable sample of the ways and manners of being, doing, and suffering of the *best society* in New York. There were about twenty people; the women were in a sort of French demi-toilette, with bare necks, and long sleeves, heads frizzed out after the very last petit courier, and thread net handkerchiefs and capes; the whole of which, to my English eye, appeared a strange marrying of incongruities. The younger daughter of our host is beautiful; a young and brilliant likeness of Ellen Tree, with more refinement, and a smile that was, not to say a ray, but a whole focus of sun rays, a perfect

Broadway, which is now partly Macadamised. It is devoutly to be hoped, that the worthy authorities will soon have as much compassion on the feet of their fellow-citizens, as they have begun to have for their brutes.

† The roughness and want of refinement, which is legitimately complained of in this country, is often, however, mitigated by instances of civility, which would not be found commonly elsewhere. As I have noticed above, the demeanour of men towards women in the streets is infinitely more courteous here than with us; women can walk, too, with perfect safety, by themselves, either in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston: on board the steam-boats, no person sits down to table until the ladies are accommodated with seats; and I have myself, in church, benefited by the civility of men, who have left their pew, and stood, during the whole service, in order to afford me room.

\* The New Yorkers have begun to see the evil of their ways, as far as regards their carriage-road in



blaze of light; she was much taken up with a youth, to whom, my neighbour at dinner informed me, she was engaged. \* \* \*

The women here, like those of most warm climates, ripen very early, and decay proportionably soon. They are, generally speaking, pretty, with good complexions, and an air of freshness and brilliancy; but this, I am told, is very evanescent; and whereas, in England, a woman is in the full bloom of health and beauty from twenty to five-and-thirty, here they scarcely reach the first period without being faded and looking old.\* They marry very young, and this is another reason why age comes prematurely upon them. There was a fair young thing at dinner to-day, who did not look above seventeen, and she was a wife. As for their figures, like those of French women, they are too well dressed for one to judge exactly what they are really like: they are for the most part, short and slight, with remarkably pretty feet and ankles; but there's too much pelerine and petticoat, and "de quoi" of every sort to guess anything more. \* \* \*

There was a Mr. ———, the magnus Apollo of New York, who is a musical genius; sings as well as any gentleman need sing, pronounces Italian well, and accompanies himself without false chords; all which render him *the* man round whom (as round H——, G——, Lord C——, and that pretty Lord O——, in our own country,) the women listen and languish. He sang the Phantom Bark: the last time I heard it, was from the lips of Moore, with two of the loveliest faces in all the world hanging over him, Mrs. N—— and Mrs. B——. By the by, the man who sat next me at dinner was asking me all manner of questions about Mrs. N——; among others, whether she was "as pale as a poetess ought to be!" Oh! how I wish Corinne had but heard that herself! what a deal of funny scorn would have looked beautiful on her rich brown cheek and brilliant lips. The dinner was plentiful, and tolerably well dressed, but ill served: there were not half servants enough, and we had neither water-glasses nor finger-glasses. Now, though I don't eat with my fingers, (except peaches, whereat I think the aborigines, who were paring theirs like so many potatoes, seemed rather amazed,) yet do I hold a finger-glass at the conclusion of my dinner a requisite to comfort. After dinner we had coffee, but no tea, whereat my English taste was in high dudgeon. The gentlemen did not sit long, and when they joined us, Mr.

\* The climate of this country is the scape-goat upon which all the ill looks and ill health of the ladies is laid; but while they are brought up effeminately as they are, take as little exercise, live in rooms like ovens during the winter, and marry as early as they do, it will appear evident that many causes combine with an extremely variable climate, to sallow their complexions, and destroy their constitutions.

———, as I said before, uttered sweet sounds. By the by, I was not a little amused at Mrs.

——— asking me whether I had heard of his singing, or their musical soirees, and seeming all but surprised that I had no revelations of either across the Atlantic. Mercy on me! what fools people are all over the world! The worst is, they are all fools of the same sort, and there is no profit whatever in travelling.

### A Storm.

A tremendous thunder-storm came on, which lasted from nine o'clock till past two in the morning: I never saw but one such in my life; and that was our memorable Weybridge storm, which only exceeded this in the circumstance of my having seen a thunder-bolt fall during that paroxysm of the elements. But this was very glorious, awful, beautiful, and tremendous. The lightning played without the intermission of a second, in wide sheets of purple glaring flame that trembled over the earth for nearly two or three seconds at a time; making the whole world, river, sky, trees, and buildings, look like a ghostly universe cut out in chalk. The light over the water, which absolutely illumined the shore on the other side with the broad glare of full day, was of a magnificent purple colour. The night was pitchy dark, too; so that between each of these ghastly smiles of the devil, the various pale steeples and buildings, which seemed at every moment to leap from nothing into existence, after standing out in fearful relief against a back-ground of fire, were hidden like so many dreams in deep and total darkness. God's music rolled along the heavens; the forked lightnings now dived from the clouds into the very bosom of the city, now ran like tangled threads of fire all round the blazing sky. "The big bright rain came dancing to the earth," the wind clapped its huge wings, and swept through the dazzling glare; and as I stood, with eyes half veiled (for the light was too intense even upon the ground, to be looked at with unshaded eyes), gazing at this fierce holiday of the elements—at the mad lightning—at the brilliant shower, through which the flashes shone like daylight—listening to the huge thunder, as its voice resounded, and its heavy feet rebounded along the clouds—and the swift spirit-like wind rushing triumphantly along, uttering its wild pean over the amazed earth;—I felt more intensely than I ever did before the wondrous might of these, God's powerful and beautiful creatures; the wondrous might, majesty, and awfulness of him their Lord, beneath whose footstool they lie chained, by his great goodness made the ministers of good to this our lowly dwelling-place. I did not go to bed till two; the storm continued to rage long after that.

(To be continued.)

## The Naturalist.

### ATTEMPT TO NATURALIZE DROMEDARIES IN FRANCE.

THE surface of the globe presents many extensive, uncultivated spots, the soil of which, although fruitful, is not suitable in its present state for the production of large forests. Destitute of mountains, it extends itself into vast plains. These extensive solitary places, which differ greatly from each other, are called *steppes*, in the Russian empire; *jungles*, in India; *karroos*, in Southern Africa; *savanes*, *llanos*, and *pampas*, in America. Similar solitary places, but infinitely less extensive, are found in Western Europe, where they give to them the names of *arendal*, in Spain; *hayden*, in the north of Germany; and *landes*, or heaths, in France. These solitudes, which most travellers mistake for real deserts, differ from them altogether, for the former admit of cultivation.

"The Lord hath made all things for himself." Prov. xvi. 4., (so that they agree with each other,) at the same time that he hath varied the nature of the soil and the appearance of the earth, hath created animals for the various parts, and hath given them forms and faculties most suited to the habitation appointed for them. David says, "As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house."—"The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies."—"The young lions (in the forests) roar after their prey."—Psalms civ. 17, 18, 21. Providence has not forgotten the wide wastes; he has also given them inhabitants. With the dromedary, or Arabian camel, the Arabians want for nothing; without it, they could neither live, trade, nor travel.

It has been thought that the Arabian camel might be very serviceable in the *Landes*. On the 6th of January last, five dromedaries arrived at Mont de Marsan, driven by a Frenchman and an African. They were sent from Africa by the government to M. Larvillet, iron-master in the *Landes*. The African who drove them wears the Turkish dress; he will probably remain in the *Landes* some months to teach the owner's servants how to manage these beasts. The experiment may prove advantageous. Dromedaries will travel with great swiftness through the roads of this country, which are neither fit for carts nor horses. If they should breed, and if the prejudices of the country people should wear off, they may increase the wealth of the *Landes* and the comfort of its inhabitants.

We hope that when seeing the camel, which is much taller than any animal of our own country, they will remember in the midst of their expected plenty these words of Jesus Christ:—"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." But

notwithstanding let them not be discouraged; since Jesus Christ has also said at the same time:—"The things which are impossible with men, are possible with God."—*Almanach des Bons Conseils*, 1835. T. S. A.

### SCALES OF FISH.

THE scales of fish are beautiful objects for the microscope. Those of the roach are inserted half way into the skin, with the round part outwards; they are perfectly transparent; the skin being covered with minute spots, which produce the colour of the fish; and each scale is silvered underneath, almost in the same manner as a looking-glass. Fishermen state that they at one time sold the scales of roach and dace for 10s. a pint, and the scales of bleak as high as 20s. a pint; for making imitation pearls, which is done by running a composition made with the scales into the inside of hollow glass beads.

The scales of the eel are very small, and placed diagonally, in such a manner as to allow of the freest motion.—A. J. ROGERS.

### THE OAK.

A GENTLEMAN in Northampton has made the experiment of growing an acorn in a hyacinth glass on the mantel-piece with perfect success; it was suspended in the end of November, and the germ made its appearance in January. The stem is now about nine inches in length, and is covered with leaves. The root is very long and abundant. Within the last few weeks, the water, which had hitherto retained its clearness, has become of a bright, brown colour.—*Times*, May 21.

## The Gatherer.

*Suiting the Action to the Word.*—A Baptist minister from Derbyshire, being engaged to preach at Sheepshead, took for his text the fifth chapter of Matthew, fourth verse: "If any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." In the course of the sermon, he strenuously enforced the Christian duty of overcoming evil with good; but to his no little astonishment, when he was about to enter his gig, which stood in an adjoining yard, he found his cloak and coat were both gone; the thief having written on the wall with chalk, "I have taken your cloak, and I hope you will give me your coat." W. G. C.

*First printed Portrait.*—Lord Orford says "so congenial an art as engraving, when once discovered, could not fail to spread in an age of literature. That accomplished prelate, Archbishop Parker, who thought that whatever tended to enlighten and cultivate the human mind, was within his province, seems to have been the most conspicuous patron of the art, in the reign of Eliza-

beth. He employed in his Palace at Lambeth, a painter and two or three engravers. Of these engravers, the chief was Remigius Hogenbergh, who twice engraved the archbishop's head, which, if Vertue be right, was the first portrait printed in England, from an engraving on copper. P. T. W.

*Fine Writing.*—An inn in Verona, bearing the name of the Tower of London, (*Torre di Londra*;) has a circular printed in Italian, German, French, and English; of the latter, the following is the *verbatim et literatim* copy:—"Circulatory. The old Inn of London's tower, placed among the more agreeable situations of Verona's course, belonging at Sir Theodosius Zignoni, restored by the decorum most indulgent to good things of Life's easie's which are favoured from every arts liable at inn same, with all objects that is concerned conveniency of stage coaches. Do offers at innkeeper the constant hope to be honoured from a great concourse, where politeness, good genius of meats to delight of nations, round table, table of innkeeper coffee house, hackney coach, men servants of place, swiftness of service, and moderation of prices, shall arrive of accomplish at him every satisfaction and at Sirs who will do the favour honouring him with a very assured kindness."

*Allegories, (from an old work).*—Every man may learn the elements of geography, which is the most noble science in the world, from an attention to the temperature of his own mind:—Melancholy is the North Pole, Envy the South, Choler the Torrid Zone, Ambition the Zodiac, Joy the Ecliptic Line, Justice the Equinoctial, Prudence and Temperance the Arctic and Antarctic Circles, Patience and Fortitude the Tropics.

Justice should be a man's governor; Prudence his counsellor; Temperance his friend; Fortitude his champion; Hope his food; Charity his house; Sincerity his porter; Wit his companion; Patience his mistress; Reason his secretary; Judgment his steward.

How many revolutions of infinite moment and magnitude have originated in trifles.

S. T. B.

*Diving Bells.*—The first diving bell was nothing but a very large kettle, suspended by ropes, with the mouth downwards, and planks to sit on fixed in the middle of its concavity. Two Greeks at Toledo, in 1588, made an experiment with it before the Emperor Charles V., when they descended in it with a lighted candle, to a considerable depth. In 1683, William Phipps, the son of a blacksmith, formed a project for unloading a rich Spanish ship sunk on the coast of Hispaniola. Charles II. gave him a ship with everything necessary for his undertaking; but, being unsuccessful, Phipps returned in great poverty. He then endeavoured to procure another vessel, but failing, he got a subscrip-

tion, to which the Duke of Albemarle contributed. In 1687, Phipps set sail in a ship of 200 tons, having previously engaged to divide the profits according to the twenty shares of which the subscription consisted. At first all his labours proved fruitless; but at length, when he seemed almost to despair, he was fortunate enough to bring up so much treasure, that he returned to England with the value of 200,000*l.* sterling. Of this sum he got about 20,000*l.*, and the Duke 90,000*l.* Phipps was knighted by the king, and laid the foundation of the fortunes of the present house of Mulgrave. G. H.

*Dutch Method of salting Herrings.*—As soon as the herrings are out of the sea, the Dutch barreller kills them, draws them, leaves the roe or eggs, washes them in fresh water, and *liquors* them. Then he puts them into a tub of strong brine made from fresh water and sea-salt, in which they remain twelve or fifteen hours. When taken out of the liquor, he lets them drain, then lays them in beds in the cags, or barrels, the bottom of which is covered with a layer of salt. When the cag is full, he puts on a layer of salt and stops down the barrels closely, in order to preserve the brine, and to prevent their taking vent; without which the herrings could not be preserved. As soon as they are landed, he proceeds to the second salting, which is done as follows:—he knocks out the heads of the barrels, takes out the herrings, which are thrown into a tub, where they are washed and cleaned in their own brine; after which they are rebarrelled in new casks, the heads on the outside and the tails in the middle, compressing them tightly by means of a press, so that a barrel holds one third more than it contained at first.—*Almanach des Bons Conseils*, 1835. T. S. A.

*Charles I.*—Lord Clarendon used to say that one of the first circumstances which gave disgust to the people of England, and to some of the nobility, was a hint thrown out by Charles I., at the commencement of his reign, "that he thought all the ecclesiastical revenues that had been seized and distributed by Henry VIII., ought to be restored to the church." S. T. B.

*Lines inscribed on Aston Hall, near Birmingham.*

"If service be thy means to thrive,  
Thou must therein remaine,  
Both silent, faithful, just and true,  
Content to take some paine.  
If love of virtue may allure,  
Or hope of worldly gaine,  
If fear of God may thee procure,  
To serve do not disdain."

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